

Flannel by kitten_michael

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Summary:

Hopper likes how you look in nothing but his flannels a little bit too much ;)

Flannel

Author's Note:

Hey! Um so this wasn't requested I just really wanted to write some Jim Hopper filth, my next post will be a request though and if anyone has requests you can send em to my tumblr: djsstrangerwritings.tumblr.com

"Baby girl, do you know what you do to me when you wear my flannels?" Hoppers gruff voice sounds from where he's standing at the stove making eggs. You had just stepped into the kitchen from the bedroom, having thrown on his flannel from the night before, and your cheeks heat up, your bottom lip finding its way between your teeth. His eyes are grazing up your body, you can still see the sleep in them but now theres a hint of lust as well.

"No, chief, what do I do to ya?" You ask your voice soft and a little raspy from sleep, a smirk curving up one corner of your lips. You walk further into the kitchen hopping up on the counter behind him just watching his back while he cooks breakfast, nothing but boxers on.

"You make me so turned on." He says and its almost a growl, his head turning to look over his shoulder at you, his eyes burning deeper now than before. "Lucky I have a handle on my self control, or I'd be taking you right there on the counter already."

Your cheeks feel like their on fire along with your whole body especially as you remember the night before. Jane had gone to Max's for a sleepover so Jim had invited you to have a sleepover of your own with him. He had promised you dinner and a little dancing but the latter didn't last long. Having you pressed close to him swaying back and forth had gotten him all hot and he ended up scooping you up onto his shoulder and carrying you to bed.

"Yeah last night was a good exercise in your sense of self control." You tease, giggling softly and he just grunts turning the stove off.

"Can you grab the plates darlin'?"

"Mhmm." You hum stepping down from the counter and grabbing plates out of the cabinet behind you and handing them to him. He divides the eggs evenly between the two of you and you sit down at the little table. "Thanks for making breakfast babe."

"S'no problem." He hums, smiling as he sets your plate in front of you and then sits across from you.

"And I didn't hear you complaining last night, when my head was between those pretty thighs of yours." He says gruffly in response to your earlier comment making your thighs clench together.

"You're very naughty, Hop." You say before taking a bite of eggs, squirming a bit in your seat. You were thinking about how the kisses he'd left down your body had made you feel like you were burning but in the best possible way, and his tongue buried between your folds had had you quickly spiraling into a quick release

"You make me think the dirtiest thoughts doll, so really its not my fault." He chuckles his eyes giving you a look that furthers the rise in your body temperature, and your breathing starts to get a little uneven.

"Don't you have to uh work today?" You ask your voice a little shaky and you nervously bite your bottom lip.

"Nope, I'm off, its Saturday." He says grinning mischeviously.

"Oh w-well when is Jane coming home?"

"Not sure, her and the rest of them will probably spend the day at the arcade or something," He says gruffly noticing your eyes avoiding his. "but you're avoiding the subject baby girl." He chuckles.

"I don't know what you're talking about." You laugh, shaking your head, your cheeks heating up more.

"I ought to punish you, lookin so good in my clothes like that, teasing

me." His voice is gravely, almost a growl, but not quite and it sends a shiver up your spine. This man was truly going to be your undoing.

"What kind of punishment, chief?" You ask your voice hoarse from your uneven breathing, your body becoming desperate for him to do something, anything. His eyes close and his jaw clenches when you call him chief, hands gripping the edge of the table.

"Oh now you're really gonna get." He says his eyes opening to look directly at you and they now conveyed only pure hunger, and lust; and it made your skin prickle with heat and your panties to become soaked.

He stands from his chair looming over you, his gaze locked on you, his tongue peeks out to lick his bottom lip before he scoops you up out of your chair and over his shoulder. You let out a quiet squeak your hands gripping his shoulder for more security even though you knew he wouldn't drop you. He sets you down behind the couch with a smirk on his lips and your brow furrows in confusion.

"I want you to strip for me and then bend over the back of the couch." His voice is so dominating your body is vibrating with anticipation and you do as he says. You start teasingly unbuttoning the flannel very slowly staring up into his eyes and he raises an eyebrow as a warning, but you never liked being a good girl anyways. Once the final button is undone you pull it from your shoulders and throw it to the floor across the room.

The chill of the room hits you instantly, goosebumps beginning to form on your skin and your nipples are standing at attention. Jim nearly forgets that he'd given you orders, he stares at you in awe, his hands reach out to brush his fingers over your sides and up to your breasts, thumbs brushing over your nipples and pulling a moan from your throat. He smirks but comes back to his senses, hands gripping your waist and turning your body so that your back is to his front. He bends you over the couch so that your ass is up in the air and you know exactly what punishment he has in mind, your thighs clench together and you start to squirm as he presses in close to whisper in your ear.

"What's the safe word, princess?" He asks, his lips brushing over the

shell of your ear.

"Cotton candy." You say giggling shakily, your fingers are gripping the edge of the sofa preparing yourself for what's to come.

"Good girl, you know if anything becomes too much all you gotta do is say it and we stop." He whispers tenderly and you feel warm and fuzzy inside.

"Yes, chief." You say nodding your head in understanding and he presses one soft kiss to your neck before standing up straight. He grips your hips firmly and slides his hands down over your covered cheeks squeezing them and pulling them slightly apart his hot gaze is on you and only you. He slides a hand between your thighs feeling how damp you are and you whine and grind back frustratedly, he's teasing you by holding off and its killing you.

The next thing you know you feel one large palm come down on your left cheek quick and hard and you yelp as the sting registers in your brain. Your eyes clench shut, hips rutting into the couch to try and get some friction. Your breath is coming in heavy pants and you know without looking that Hopper is smirking proudly to himself behind you.

"Behave darlin'." Is all he says before landing another spank on the opposite cheek. The feeling is intense but god do you love when he does this, it's such a fucking thrill for the both of you. He reaches a hand into the waist band of your cotton panties and rips them right off of you making your mouth gape open, but you don't say anything, just bite your bottom lip to stifle a moan.

He starts spanking each cheek in succession, his hand soothing over them between each one, and you were a moaning mess under him. Your pussy was so wet it was dripping down your inner thighs. You wouldn't be surprised if there was a small pool on the floor beneath you. After the tenth spank he rests his hands along your waist and he leans over you to press kisses to your neck and down your spine.

"You did so good baby." He whispers. "M'gonna reward you now for being such a good girl."

"Thank you, chief." You say through labored breaths your body aching for him but you knew if you whined for more he'd only leave you hanging, frustrated and wet with no satisfaction and as much as you liked misbehaving you weren't in the mood to be left hanging.

"Wrap your arms around my neck." He hums lips brushing your sweet spot and making you shiver. You quickly comply turning around and wrapping your arms around his neck and he grabs the backs of your thighs wrapping them around his waist. He brushes his nose against yours in a tender gesture to counter act all the dominance and those little moments were one of the things you loved most about being with Hopper. He seemed like this hulking dominant maybe a little bit scary guy, but under it all he was a softie. You smile at him and lean in for a few quick kisses your teeth nipping his bottom lip eliciting a rumbling sound from deep in his chest.

"You're so fucking hot darlin'." He groans carrying you to the bedroom and he gently sets you down at the end of the bed letting you slide backwards. "I want you on your hands and knees baby doll."

You make a little noise of agreement, flipping over onto your stomach and pushing your ass out towards him, giving a little wiggle. He smirks and steps closer to you running a hand down your spine.

"If the town new the kind of depraved things you like to do to me chief..." You giggle and he just chuckles and smirks giving your ass another light spank, more like a love tap that time. He grips your thighs and spreads your legs farther apart his eyes glazing over with that primal lust again as he sees just how dripping wet you really were your inner thighs covered in your juices. He growls and swipes two fingers along your folds starting at your entrance and moving up to your clit, a series of moans bubbling up from your throat at the action and you have to hold yourself back from pushing yourself back onto the fingers.

"So fucking wet gorgeous, is it all for me?" He asks dipping one thick finger inside and you let out a cry at the slight stretch, your brain unable to think of a response. He spansks you again though pulling the finger out. "I asked you a question princess I expect an answer."

"Y-yes, fuck, yes baby its all for you." You gasp looking over your

shoulder at him eyes glazed over and you spread your legs a little bit wider inviting him to do more. He leans in and starts kissing sensually across your neck and shoulders and you let out a low whine wanting so badly to beg for him to just fuck you already, your walls fluttering around nothing.

"How bad do you want this? I need you to tell me."

"Fuck, Jim, I need you so bad, I need your cock baby please, I need you to fuck me." You cry out desperately, little tears of frustration and desperation forming in your eyes. He kisses your neck and wipes the tears away with his thumb before pulling back to shuck his boxers off throwing them across the room.

"You've been so good for me princess." He says his voice gruff as he grabs his length and rubs the head of it over your damp folds and you moan and rock your hips back, Hopper letting it slide since you'd been so good this whole time. A noise akin to a moan and a growl comes barreling out of him when he sinks all the way into you your walls wrapping snugly around him. "God damn, you're so fucking tight."

"Oh, f-fuck, Hop." You whine wantonly, the noise so full of pleasure and relief at the feeling of finally being full of him. The next thing Hop says surprises you though considering his normally dominant personality as exemplified earlier.

"Can you fuck yourself back onto me darlin'?" He asks his hands holding the widest part of your hips his gaze heating your already burning skin. You whine and nod your head eagerly, pushing your hips backwards and you start a steady rhythm of rocking yourself back onto his cock noises that could rival any of those cheesy pornstars falling from your lips.

"Best fucking view, god damn, I love your ass baby girl." He moans wrapping one arm around your front and he pulls your body against his so you're sitting in his lap, your back to his chest and you pant out unevenly your brain unable to even respond to what he was saying. Your walls were starting to clench around him tighter with

each rock of your hips and you both new you weren't going to last much longer, he'd spent so long building you up you could feel your release coming quickly.

"H-hop I don't think I'll l-"

"I know baby, when you're ready I want you to cum for me." He says turning your head and bringing his lips down onto yours in a passionate kiss. Two rough fingers start rubbing slow fingers against your clit and you lose it, moaning into his mouth as you come around him your body shaking in his grip and he starts thrusting his hips upwards working you through your high. You feel him pull out before you've come down all the way and you let out a whimper from the loss but seconds later he has you laying face forward on the bed again and he cum on your lower back with a loud groan.

You just lay there breathless and sweaty coming down from an incredible high and Hopper slumps onto the bed beside you a bit worn out. You didn't blame him, you felt like you wouldn't be able to move again for a while and you were okay with that if you were honest. A few moments of silence pass by before Jim speaks up.

"That was so fucking hot baby." He chuckles his fingers brushing over your side leaving goosebumps in their wake and you shiver slightly as the coldness of the room creeps up on your overheated skin.

"It was, but um, would you mind...cleaning me up?" You ask your cheeks heating up and you look down at the bed shyly.

"Oh crap right, sorry babe." He hums and gets up grabbing a damp cloth to clean between your thighs gently and then your back. He's humming a tune softly and it's almost enough to lull you back to sleep again but there's a sound of the front door opening and your eyes widen, thanking god you and Jim had taken it into the bedroom. Jane was home and Jim rushes to put on clothes and straighten out his hair. "Shit babe I'm sorry." He murmurs pressing a quick kiss to your forehead.

"It's fine Hop, if you don't mind I'm gonna stay in here and nap." You hum softly your eyes fluttering closed a sleepy smile on your lips.